

SATURDAY NIGHT

CHRISTMAS LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

HAROLD F. SUTTON, EDITOR

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Liberal Editor

BY B. K. SANDWELL

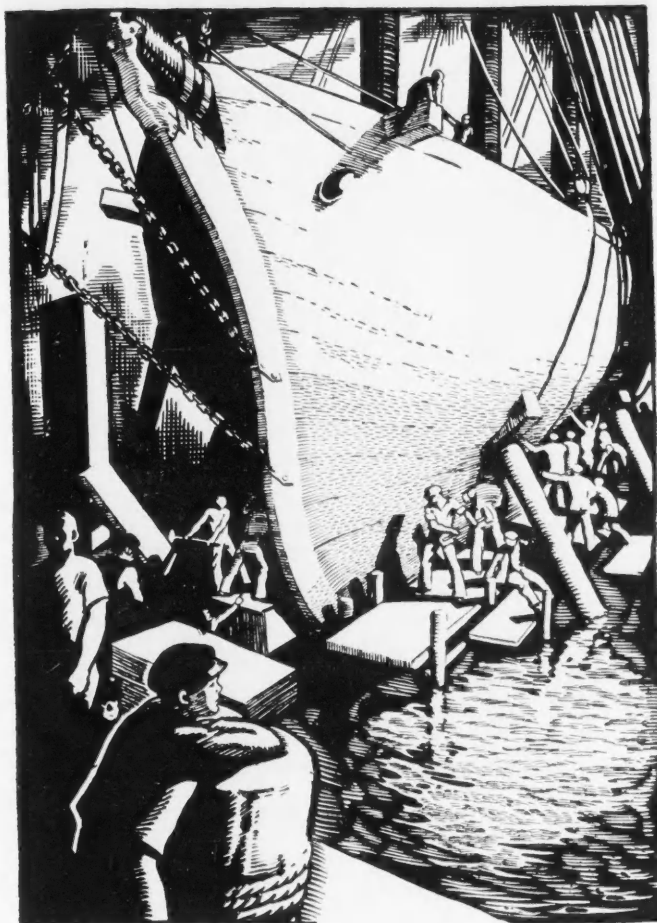
"Press, Politics and People: The Life and Letters of Sir John Willison," by A. H. U. Colquhoun. Toronto, Macmillan, \$5.00.

IN APRIL, 1905, at which date neither gentleman had a title, Sir John Willison wrote to Sir Robert Borden on the question of the establishment of separate schools in the newly created Western provinces. He was urging Sir Robert to withstand the demands of the Roman Catholic clergy, and in the course of the letter he said: "As the years go on, I am less and less impressed with the idea of a solid Catholic vote, and I am convinced that the Conservatives of Quebec will soon regain strength after Laurier ceases to be leader of the Liberal party."

Willison at the moment when he wrote this was by far the most influential English-speaking journalist in Canada, and had been so for a number of years. It can hardly be maintained that his subsequent career was such as to justify the expectation that any of his friends would have formed concerning it at that moment. It is obvious that he was in error as to the future of the Conservative party in the Province of Quebec, for Laurier has been dead for nearly twenty years and the Conservatives are still unable to make any headway there by themselves. He was wrong apparently also in another diagnosis in the same letter, in which he states that "the Liberal party is suffering from a fundamental disturbance that goes down to the very roots of its organization, while the Conservative party suffers only from a temporary disturbance, and that upon an issue that commands itself to the majority in the country." It is true that the Liberal party lost power in 1911, as the result of a secession which could not possibly be ascribed altogether to the separate school question; but it remained in opposition for only ten years, and there is no sign that the roots of its organization were seriously damaged.

To what extent Sir John's subsequent career was influenced by these errors of judgment upon a political fact, and by the breach with Sir Wilfrid Laurier which accompanied them, it is too early as yet to attempt to ascertain. Mr. Colquhoun, to whose invaluable editorial labor we owe this volume, takes the ground that the divergence between the journalist and the statesman was inevitably produced by the difference in their functions, the one being able to shape his own course, the other a sort of trustee facing practical conditions in a democratic community. "To the Prime Minister it was policy; to Willison a principle." Laurier, however, believed just as earnestly as Willison that he himself was perfectly consistent throughout his course, and that the constitutional argument for establishing separate schools in the new Provinces was entirely different from the constitutional argument for interfering with the provincial legislation about separate schools in Manitoba. It is at least interesting to conjecture whether, had he not been living for so many years in Toronto and there formed so many important and influential connections, Willison would not have been able to find justification for continuing his support of the leader whom he so greatly admired. That his

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"EVERY HOUR THAT I WAS NOT IN SCHOOL" . . . An illustration from "All Sail Set".
(See "Books For Children")

In Praise of Izaak

BY LUCY VAN GOGH

"The Compleat Angler," by Izaak Walton and Charles Cotton. Reprinted in the World's Classics with an Introduction by John Buchan. Toronto, Oxford Press, 30 cents.

TRUST me, good Master Sutton, you shall find no better sort of Reprints in the English Language than this which proceedeth from the Oxford University Press and is by all learned men everywhere held in high honor under that noble title of The World's Classics. The which I have at all times esteemed as the very Heart and mid-centre of my poor Library, as much for their excellence of clear type and plain gentlemanly inward adornments, as for their modesty of size and simple outward show, and do the more approve, for that their Binding is now in all semblance like unto the Book of Common Prayer. Whence cometh it that in the hinder pews we Bibliophiles or Lovers of the Printed Book may be seen—albeit not by him who preacheth—reading of good Master Walton's praises of the *Trout* or *Graveling*, the while our ears are beset by din of preaching upon the multitudinous evils of this dissolute age.

Nor shall you so misprize us, Friend Hal, as to think us lacking in honor to true Religion and sound Morals, for that we value the Piscatorial before

the Pastoral, and attend rather to a perfect Fisher of Fish than to a very imperfect Fisher of Men. For observe that no less Noble a Personage hath bent to discourse an Introduction to our Izaak's Angler, than him who under the simple commoner's name of John Buchan concealeth the very kingly dignity (albeit delegated and for few years only) in this our sweet Dominion—the Head of our Estate, the chief pillar of that (certainly not discontinued) Presbyterian Church so lately and grievously persecuted, the Honorary President of our Authors, the Maecenas of our Arts.

Of this Introduction, when you shall have read it, I wager that you shall accord with me that no sort whatsoever could approach nearer to the doing of justice to an English author. Yet doth he maintain that Izaak was no sportsman, lacking the joy in fierce activity, the love of peril. It may be so. He lived in a flat country, and he never adventured to Scotland. But more sport, less art. Had he been a great sportsman, then had his book surely fallen in the second class of greatness and not the first.

For know that Walton sat and waited for the perfect sentence to come to his pen, as he waited for the *Trout* to come to his hook; and such was his luring skill that in the end it always came.

Ugly Duckling

BY PELHAM EDGAR

"Oliver Goldsmith," by Stephen Gwynn. Toronto, Nelson, \$4.50.

A BOOK on Goldsmith almost recommends itself. This most recent addition to our Goldsmith library has therefore a double claim upon us, for an attractive subject is made the more entertaining by the manner of its presentation.

The eighteenth century in Goldsmith and the nineteenth century in Lamb have presented us with perhaps the two most lovable figures in our literature. Neither of them was so excessively great as to inspire awe, and each was sufficiently imperfect to make him companionable. Within limits we admire Swift and Pope, Addison and Gray and Johnson, but affection is the last thing that they inspire, nor do our hearts go out with an impulsiveness that turns faults into virtues to any of the major figures of the succeeding century save Lamb.

Goldsmith then, "the ugly duckling of English literature," as Mr. Gwynn describes him in his opening sentence, is one of the mysteries of that same English literature. We can recognize the intellectual qualities that inspire admiration. We cannot analyze the qualities that inspire affection.

As a craftsman, even as a thinker, Goldsmith is of no mean stature, for this Grub Street hack produced in three separate fields of literature—in poetry, in fiction, and in drama—three masterpieces that are still read or presented as widely as any works of the century. This fact is astonishing enough, but of itself is not sufficient to explain the affection he inspires. We are told that his work is saturated with personal quality. If I could think this true the charm would be explained. On the contrary, save for the tags of experience that filter into the "Vicar," we find that his work typifies his century's tendency to moral reflection and generalities. In "The Traveller" and "The Deserted Village," for example, apart from the tender passages that breathe an exile's yearning for his home and the commemoration in the latter poem of some typical Lissoy characters, there is nothing emotional or intimately personal. We must have recourse then to the Goldsmith legend for the secret of his charm—the scarlet breeches, the Fiddleback nag, the European vagabondage with only his flute and his good nature to pay his way, the grim Grub Street saga, and the final emergence of a great man of letters from conditions as discouraging as ever confronted a struggling talent.

It was Bishop Percy who first discovered him. "The Doctor," he tells us, "was writing his 'Enquiry' &c. in a wretched dirty room, in which there was but one chair, and when he, from civility, offered it to his visitor, himself was obliged to sit in the window. While they were conversing, someone gently rapped at the door, and being desired to come in, a poor ragged little girl of a very decent behavior, entered, who, dropping a curtsy, said, 'My mamma sends her compliments, and begs the favor of you to lend her a chamber-pot full of coals!'"

From Bishop Percy to Johnson the

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Saviour of Navy

BY L. A. MACKAY

"Samuel Pepys: The Years of Peril," by Arthur Bryant. Toronto, Macmillan. \$3.75.

THE British Empire is largely the work of the British Navy; yet the man who more than any other is responsible for the creation and efficiency of the force that ultimately gave his country the dominion of the sea and the empire or more than a quarter of the world, remained for two centuries unknown or misunderstood. The elevation of Samuel Pepys at the age of forty to the Secretaryship of the Admiralty Office, though little noticed at the time, ultimately produced results which affected not England alone, but the whole world. For by his precept and example Pepys was to transform an inefficient and ill-directed service into the most enduring, exact, and potent instrument of force seen on this disorderly planet since the days of Imperial Rome.

For a century after his death, Pepys was unknown except to a few scholars and specialists. The Whig historians allowed both his name and his work to drop into oblivion; and when in the nineteenth century the gradual publication of his Diary brought him once more before the public, it was a curiously limited knowledge of the man that reappeared, for it was based entirely on a shorthand journal kept between his twenty-seventh and thirty-sixth years. Many, no doubt, have wondered idly what there was to show for the numerous days when his diary shows him at work in his office at five in the morning, but too tired to find out. Yet the material was there: hundreds of volumes in the Bodleian Library, and the Magdalene College Library containing the full record of his work for the Admiralty.

Mr. Bryant has taken up with passionate devotion the task left unfinished by the late Dr. J. R. Tanner, the vindication of Pepys' memory from the legend of minor buffoon and gossip that had sprung up from the Diary. In "Samuel Pepys: The Man in the Making," published two years ago, Mr. Bryant covered Pepys' life up to 1669, intending to devote another volume to the remainder of his life. The mass of material available, however, has compelled him to limit the present volume to the period between the close of the first published Diary in 1669, and the start of the second in 1683. This book has thus a peculiar interest, being based mainly on manuscript material till now unknown.

Not only does it do a pioneer service, adding greatly to the memory of Pepys himself, but it is an important contribution to our knowledge of one of the most stirring and decisive formative periods in the history of the British nation. It begins with the attack on the Navy led by the party of the Duke of Buckingham, who hoped such a blow down Lord Sandwich and the Duke of York. It reaches its climax in the attempt to implicate Pepys in the Popish Plot, and closes with his reinstatement on the eve of conflict for Flanders.

Mr. Bryant makes no secret of his partiality for the side of the King in the political struggle with the parliamentary party of Shaftesbury. Charles' policy, he is convinced, was much the more sensible, and, generally speaking, more in domestic and in foreign affairs, both for the immediate present and for the long view. With this even in mind, detail he presents the complicated and chaotic picture that brought Pepys, as one of the Duke of York's men, to the edge of the scaffold, and which in the end proved important to his personal fortune and the long devotion to his sovereign. Mr. Bryant has not only brought to the notice of the public a great deal of new material of the highest importance but has written for the general reader one of the most thrilling tales of danger and deliverance in our history.



LORD BYRON, shaking the dust of England from his shoes.
(A cartoon by Max Beerbohm from "The Poets' Corner".)

Unmasking Il Duce

BY J. C. READE

"Sawdust Caesar" by George Schless. Toronto, Musson. \$3.50.

MR. SLESSER would be well advised to keep himself copiously out of Italy if he wishes to write any more books. With meticulous care and supported by documentary evidence which he reproduces in the appendix, the author of the "Nation, Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow," formerly Rome correspondent for the Chicago Tribune, has traced the life of Benito Mussolini from the cradle to within measurable distance of his political grave. Every event which Il Duce succeeded in turning to political advantage is recorded in the light of available first-hand evidence as it actually happened and accompanied by the official Fascist version as it has now become incorporated in the Italian National Story.

Not the least interesting aspect of this book is the excellent illustration it affords of how popular myths do not grow but are formed by ectoplasmic emissions from interested practitioners of the science of propaganda—sometimes cynically, by conscious trickery, and sometimes involuntarily in a mesmeric trance. Unfortunately, as wholesale deception can only be practised upon crowds who prefer to be deceived, the truth cannot help them. Not only will they not accept it, they will not even examine it. Nevertheless, an exposé, such as this, will exercise a powerful influence over the indifferent who will abandon their indifference and arm the hostile with evidence which they can use. Moreover, "Sawdust Caesar" combines with Lewis' "It Can't Happen Here" and Feuchtwanger's "The Oppenheims" to form a potent warning which reasonable and liberal-minded people cannot afford to ignore.

Stronger than either of the other books, because more convincing than the "Oppenheims" and dealing with historic fact instead of conjecturing as does Lewis, "Sawdust Caesar" may be calculated to arouse liberal-minded and intelligent people to a passionate defence of their liberties at the first sign of successful demagoguery in their own ballistics. Most particularly, one is impressed with the dreadful power of oratory, as much over the beguiled as over the beguiled. Oratory is, evidently, a power which is unique, in that it proceeds not from self-discipline as do all other forms of personal power, but rather from emotional intemperance.

Mussolini's career seems to have been one of betrayal from early youth. Ideals and associates were betrayed as casually and remorselessly as the several women with whom he consorted, who bore him children, and whom he later drove into exile or insanity. Even his father he deserted in the hour of the old man's extremity. Born in poverty, but not in utter destitution, Mussolini was reared by a Socialist father. A violent and pugnacious child, he found it impossible to submit to the discipline of any organization or to be ruled by its doctrines. He never learned to make friends and his unpopularity as a child drove him into himself. He became introverted, individualistic and eccentric, and conjured up a vision of his destiny to comfort himself against the loneliness and poverty of his actual life. With no particular intellectual equipment, he yet read copiously such intoxicating material as Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Marx, Stendhal and Machiavelli. He thus mastered the jargon without digesting the ideology of an ill-assorted

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Romantics Three

BY EDGAR MCINNIS

"The Romantic Rebels," by Frances Winwar. Toronto, McClelland and Stewart. \$3.75.

OF ALL the poets who emerged in the full flowering of the Romantic Movement in English literature, none stand closer to its heart than the three who together form the subject of Miss Winwar's study. Byron, Shelley and Keats are names which are inevitably joined in close association in any treatment of the period. It is in many ways a fortuitous association resulting less from the nature of their writings than from the facts of their lives. Yet their several contributions to literature have sufficient in common to link them as interpreters of a definite phase of the Romantic Movement.

But it is not solely their poetry, great as it is, which has kept their fame so vividly alive. Their lives—especially the lives of Byron and Shelley—were also a unique expression of that revolt against conventionality which is so much a part of the new literary movement of their day. Indeed, it goes deeper than literature. There are inescapable parallels between our own times and those of a century ago. There is the same sense of change and transition, the same discontent with a social and political framework which has become obsolete in the face of rapidly changing conditions, the same groping after a new and more ideal world; there is even the background of a world war to stimulate these aspirations and make the subsequent disillusionment more profound. It is partly as an expression of this, and partly as an escape from these realities, that the Romantic Movement must be viewed.

This aspect is least apparent in the case of Keats. Immersed in his own vision of beauty, he was little concerned with crying out against the wrongs of mankind. Torn by a love affair which however unique in its intensity, was conventional enough in its essence, his life offered none of those affronts to society which were so resented and revenged in the case of his two contemporaries. In consequence, his career is the least interesting of the three—though the same is by no means true of his poetry. But the religious defiance of Byron and Shelley, which so disturbed the England of a century ago, remains a tale no less fresh today for having been often told.

Miss Winwar has done an extremely good job in retelling an already familiar story. Although she has used a certain amount of new material, especially in the case of Byron, she has no revolutionary interpretation to offer; at most, she has been confirmed in certain judgments which by this time are ceasing to be matters of controversy. The merit of her book lies in its sustained narrative interest and the clear and well-rounded portraits it offers of its three protagonists.

The style is appropriate to the subject. Miss Winwar has realized that a romantic treatment is the only possible one for such embodiments of the romantic manner, and has allowed her dramatic sense full play. But though she is ready, with most members of the modern school of biography, to use the methods of the novelist where necessary to round out her picture, she has been careful to keep that method within legitimate bounds. When she undertakes to interpret the thoughts or emotions of her characters, there is generally sound authority behind the result, and the portrayal is all the more vivid for the touches that have thus been added.

That portrayal is both judicious and sympathetic. The primary purpose of the author is to understand rather than to defend her characters, and she is admirably successful. In the tangled personal relations of Byron and Shelley with their friends

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Books for Children

BY MARGARET LAWRENCE

IT LOOKS if we are to judge by this year's new crop of children's books as if most of the children were boys. Whimsically it might be wondered if God through his agents, the writers of children's books, never intended little girls to read very much. Or it might be that considering the world and how it is going it was decided in the high courts of final opinion that inasmuch as girls were busy, at least in the West, trying to do everything that boys do, they might as well be handed boy's books right at the start to get them very early set in the new pattern. At the very least it encourages the masculine content in the little girl. Though perhaps it all comes down to an accident in composition and publication. But certainly it can be said with complete respect to the facts of the case that the boy's books definitely outnumber those for girls. Pick up almost any of the new books and you find the hero is Bill or Bob or Dick or Peter or Teddy, with only an occasional book written about Jean or Molly. It is not of course as serious as I am making it, because books do not wear out and disappear from year to year and there are plenty of girl's books from other years upon which to fall back when making selections for the little girls to whom we wish to give books. Further, the great classics for children, of which there are always many and new and varied publications and versions, belong equally to both boys and girls.

The books presented below vary in their appeal and their use from those that are almost altogether picture books for the toddler or pre-school years who sees life through pictures to those of the almost adult individual who coming through adolescence likes his or her reading to be pretty close to mature reading.

THE books for the little tots follow the general pattern, concentrating upon pictures which are not too full in their detail, training the little mind to distinguish objects set down in picture and including brief words for the parents and nurses to read in explanation. The pictures mostly have to do with animals and very little children. They are the baby's own world. In this group there are quite unusual publications this year, the most outstanding being "We Go to Nursery School," by Marjorie Popperton and William E. Blatz, with photographs by John Waterman. While this book might in one of its aspects look like a clever piece of publicity for the nursery school idea in general and the famous St. George School, in Toronto, for child study in particular, it is not just this. Even if it were there could be no legitimate complaint for the nursery school idea is sound and engrosses the attention of all earnest parents whether or not they can manage to send their children to such a school. The book as presented tells an interesting story and it read to a child and its pictures shown to him, would be likely to stir in his imagination the adventure of the school idea and prepare him psychologically for the great

step of adjusting himself to school. It gives also a fine program of child life to which all of us training young children might very well aspire even in our amateur efforts. It shows the little youngster gently being led by slight changes in his baby routine to some notion of self-discipline and accommodating himself to a communal life. And in addition it gives in picture and in text an interesting story.

Into this section there also comes Lois Linski's story of Baby Ann. Babies like to hear about other babies. It is their world. Little Baby Ann features in very modern style the life of the little baby girl with her parents, touching all the highlights of her baby experience. It is a sweet little book.

Attention should be called to "Bobo Dee"—a book for little tots written by Lionel Reid, a Toronto writer, and illustrated by R. Denison—who is well known in Toronto's artistic set as Dick Taylor.

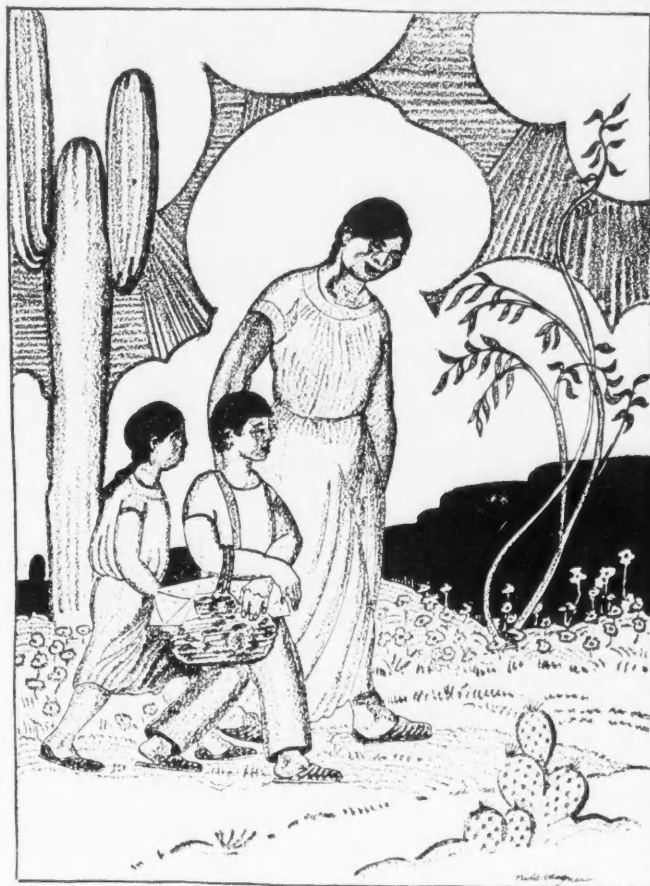
For the child who has emerged from the baby stage there is a genuinely delightful concoction called "A Little Lamb," by Helen and Alf Evers, which tells about what happened to Mary's little lamb when he was turned out of school. This little book is amusing. The lamb gets into lots of trouble and how he got into it and how he got out of it is told with engaging respect for the mind of a little child.

Following this there are fairy tales. There are two new editions of Hans Andersen stories, "Four Tales from Hans Andersen," a new translation by R. P. Keigwin and "The Little Mermaid," from the well-known James translation. This latter is a particularly lovely book. There is also a collection made by Irene Heath of the best known fairy tales put into easy story form.

TAKING the child by easy stages away from the pure and simple fairy tale, Hendrik Willem van Loon presents "Around the World with the Alphabet and Hendrik Willem van Loon." No child likes the alphabet naturally and certainly would not choose it as companion on a world cruise, but van Loon is a different matter altogether. He has a charm with children and he takes hold of the old alphabet and shows what magic places it stands for and before he has gone through all the letters the children have taken a most thrilling trip to far away places. What child will ever forget "T" when it stands for Tibet. This book is one of the very best of the whole collection and it is not expensive.

Just as it lifts the child's imagination out of itself and out of an unreal fairy world into a real travel world, so does another book lift it in the same easy way into the world of history and letters. This is the story, "Jautrey the Knight and the Fair Brunissende." The author, Vernon Ives, has translated and adapted the original Provencal into fitting English for the young reader. This book is one of the most beautiful in the lot in the

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"PEDRO CARRIED A BASKET". An illustration from "Pedro the Potter".

Doughty as Writer

BY H. J. DAVIS

"Charles M. Doughty," A Study of his Prose and Verse, by Anne Trencher. Toronto, Jonathan Cape, \$3.00.

THIS is the second full study of the work of Charles Doughty, still known to the public chiefly as the author of one great travel-book, "Arabia Deserta"; the first, also published by Jonathan Cape, was written in Toronto by Professor Barker Fairley in 1927. Miss Trencher has had the advantage of access to Doughty's own notebooks and of being allowed to use information provided by Mrs. Doughty; it is interesting, therefore, to find that in the light of this further knowledge she is driven to adopt exactly the same attitude, so forcibly maintained by Professor Fairley: namely, that "Doughty's work as a whole needs to be viewed in the perspective he himself intended." It was on poetry he was bent and the right use of words. In her book, therefore, "he is considered less as a traveller than as a writer; as the man who broke through the prevailing gloom, and made language fresh, giving back to the individual words their luster and strength. He is also considered as a poet who wrote one great piece of prose, not as a creator of fine prose who unfortunately also wrote long poems."

Miss Trencher has done well to stick to this main purpose, to give us a purely literary study—a rarer thing than it ought to be to deal with Doughty's art as a writer, his mastery of words through a lifelong study of language. He was not a scientific philologist; but he was concerned with words, as a good craftsman with tools. He detested all language that was pompous, verbose, unclean—the language of diplomacy, of political rhetoric, of superior journalism, of Victorian poetical diction. He distrusted, like Mr. Ezra Pound, most of the developments in English since the Renaissance. His study of early literatures and his knowledge of Arabic alike intensified his desire to bring back into English poetry "the old manly English, full of pith and stomach."

It follows that whether he writes in prose or verse Doughty draws his

vocabulary from the whole resources of the language, putting aside the much worn, ready-made phrases of current speech, and enriching it with older terms which have become obsolete and with fresh borrowings chiefly from Arabic sources. There are some disadvantages in this, as when he gives to familiar words a strange, forgotten meaning, but the effect as a whole is to add a force, intensity and richness of flavor which could not well be obtained otherwise. His aim is clearly stated in one of his notes: "The antique words are not to be heaped together, but to be cast in sparingly, condiments, as salt, and by a learned hand very cunningly."

and yet remain very wine indeed and not another unhomogeneous liquid with an odd good, generous hale savour, and all to flow without almost any show of artifice. It is difficult to understand why those who have accepted his prose with such enthusiasm still feel that his verse flows with too great a "show of artifice." Miss Trencher's study offers convincing proof that the same excellencies are to be found in the poems, especially in "Adam Cast Earth" and in his epic, "The Dawn in Britain," and her quotations are admirably chosen to lure readers to those little used volumes. And if there are still some who hesitate to begin a poem of thirty thousand lines, they will find in Professor Fairley's recently published small volume of "Selected Passages from The Dawn in Britain" an easier way to approach the study of Doughty's poetry.

JOHN HODGKIN BRADLEY, who wrote that brilliant saga of early life upon this planet, "Parade of the Daimon," has produced a new book, "Autobiography of Earth" (Longmans, Green, \$3.50), in which he translates the earth's own story, a tale of the vast cycles of change by which it has moved through the past and continues to move toward the future. With philosophic and poetic feeling, and yet with regard for scientific truth, the author depicts the earth as an organism as alive and vital as man himself.



AN ILLUSTRATION from "Mister Penny".

European Statesman

BY EDGAR MCINNIS

"Metternich," by H. du Courday, Toronto, Nelson, \$4.50.

THE problems and difficulties which have beset the world during the past twenty years have inevitably led to a heightened interest in the similar problems which Europe faced a century ago. The emergence of a new Europe after the downfall of Napoleon, the exhaustion and the urgent need for peace resulting from the prolonged nature of the struggle, the problem of security and the desire for a permanent barrier against future aggression—these were features of the years after 1815 with which we in our own time are thoroughly familiar. Curiosity, if nothing else, is bound to lead the student of the contemporary scene to look at the policies pursued by the statesmen of that era and to inquire whether they had anything of wisdom which they might impart to us today.

Foremost among those statesmen was Metternich. For a full fifteen years he exercised over the international scene a domination which subsequent liberal historians have joined in condemning as baleful. The fact that it was frequently—though by no means invariably—opposed by English statesmen has accentuated that condemnation. In most studies of the period Metternich is inevitably cast as the villain of the piece.

Something of a reaction was bound to take place from that point of view. Whether or not the verdict is ultimately reversed, it has been necessary to study its foundations more closely and to arrive at a truer understanding of the motives and the effects of Metternich's system. During the past few years a succession of biographies has appeared, and there are others yet to come; and all have been characterized by a cooler sympathy, a more sincere effort at comprehension, than anything formerly existing in English.

The present study by Miss du Courday indicates how far the pendulum has swung. Starting from the postulate that the tendency of historians to treat Metternich from an English point of view has resulted in misunderstanding of his policy and a belittling of his true stature, she presents him as essentially a European statesman who comprehended the true needs of his time and the true methods to be followed in attaining them. English diplomacy comes in for some hard words; Russia fares no better; France and Prussia (quite justly) occupy a minor position in the background. It is not only that Metternich dominated the scene, especially between 1815 and 1830; his position is justified by the wisdom and prescience which he invariably showed in the successive crises he was called upon to face.

There is a great deal to be said for this presentation. Metternich maintained his ascendancy by virtue of very real gifts and achievements, and any effort to dismiss him as a mere reactionary, the relentless tool of liberalism, who later it raised its voice, completely fails to explain his contributory position as a European leader. Miss du Courday adds to sharpness and discernment a lively and dramatic style and a richness in description which lend a sustained interest to her pages. Among recent biographies this is certainly one of the most readable.

At the same time it can hardly be accepted as the definitive study of Metternich. For one thing, its scope is deliberately limited. Sooner than attempt to cover the whole scene with a small canvas, the author has chosen to deal with specific and selected aspects of the period, and especially the relations between Austria and Russia. The methods are quite legitimate, but it does happen that some of the episodes omitted are such as might modify considerably the picture of Metternich.

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METTERNICH

(From the portrait by Lawrence in the Hermitage at Leningrad.)

Light on Shakespeare

BY G. WILSON KNIGHT

"Shakespeare's Imagery and What It Tells Us," by Caroline F. Spurgeon, Toronto, Macmillan, \$7.50.

"What Happens in Hamlet," by J. Dover Wilson, Toronto, Macmillan, \$3.75.

THESE are two very important books. Prof. Spurgeon's study of Shakespeare's imagery has already been in part before the public. Here we have a comprehensive volume complete with discussions and conclusions of various sorts, index and charts. The text is divided between a discussion of Shakespeare's imagery as an approach to understanding his mind and a valuable inspection of leit motifs in individual plays. In following the author's analyses we watch the poet in the very act of self-expression, and our knowledge of the image-creating faculty in the poet's mind is considerably enriched. Many valuable sidelights are cast on biographical and other details. Shakespeare and other Elizabethan dramatists are exactly related in point of imagery. Elizabethan literature itself becomes strangely tangible and near from this direct study. One warning is, however, necessary. Prof. Spurgeon's system is mainly concerned with metaphors and similes. To that extent it is self-limited. Her positive results are therefore far more impressive than her negative statements. She observes that "Julius Caesar" shows little "imagery" and deduces lack of excitement in composition. But although this play is peculiarly barren of metaphor it is most vividly alive with things directly rather than obliquely apprehended—especially fire, blood, and metals. Negatively, Prof. Spurgeon's system must never be expected to bear too weighty a stress. But her positive results are not merely interesting; they are supremely important.

This book is a definite step towards a richer understanding of the color

and life-blood, as opposed to the plot-skeleton and tissue, of the Shakespearean play. The author's treatment is keenly sensitive and delicate in apprehension, and empowered by a refreshing modesty of assertion strange to recent Shakespearean scholarship. Some of her conclusions will be questioned. But the book's basic content is revelatory rather than argumentative. Prof. Spurgeon's positive results will prove of impenetrable and lasting value when most modern commentary is forgotten.

PROF. Dover Wilson is concerned not with color and impressionistic surface so much as intricacies of plot and situation, the tissue and arteries of the play he is discussing rather than the tint of its complexion and light of its eye. Nor is he at home in its profounder levels of universal meaning, significantly regarding Hamlet's Yorick meditations as "sentiment." Similarly, Hamlet's failure to kill the praying King quite eludes his analysis. But passages in his book are nevertheless of striking interest and present surprising discoveries. There is something unique about the personality of Hamlet. He is not only brilliant in himself, but the cause of brilliance in other people. Some of Professor Dover Wilson's findings are likely to be called "super-subtle," though I am myself, with a few exceptions, convinced. His reading of the "nunnery" scene certainly appears strained; for if "nunnery" means, or contains any suggestion of, "brothel," what of the otherwise exquisite "Why shouldn't thou be a breeder of sinners?" But with Hamlet's way of playing up to the different theories of his own behavior in the Court of Denmark the author is very skillful; and his elucidation of the play scene most original and quite admirable. I am still a little uncertain of his dumb-show theory;

(Continued on Page 11)

Feudal Finance

BY PAUL CARLISS

"The Lords of Creation," by Frederick Lewis Allen, Toronto, Musson, \$3.50.

THE baiting of bankers and financiers has recently been one of the most popular of American pastimes—rivalling jig-saw puzzles or amateur nights on the radio; but like other fads peculiar to this continent, the favorite game of "Get the Banker" has been played so often that the public is rapidly losing interest in it. When therefore the prospective reader picks up "The Lords of Creation" and finds that once more Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Stillman and Mr. Insull are featured characters, he is apt to close its dignified covers and remark laconically, "old stuff." Up to a point this terse comment would be correct; for admittedly Mr. Allen provides little new material in addition to that which has already been supplied in a dozen volumes which have preceded "The Lords of Creation"; but the lively news-reporting style, which Mr. Allen used so successfully in "Only Yesterday" to comment on well-known events of general interest, is effective in giving a proper perspective to the manipulation of industry by American financial giants during the exciting years of business promotion from 1900 to 1935.

It is characteristic of American customs that the actions and motives and even the private lives of its financial leaders should be paraded before the eyes of the curious public. What a contrast to the mystery and awe which surround the activities of English and continental bankers and leaders of industry! Once in a long while the fall of a Lowenstein or a Kreuger discloses some of the intricacies of international finance; but probably in no country other than the United States have the ranks of the money barons been so mercilessly exposed to public scorn and political inquisition.

The era of industrial expansion and financial wizardry nevertheless provides many exciting adventures and interesting sidelights on the methods and manners of those who took a leading part. The story as told by Mr. Allen is an effort to interpret events rather than merely to record them. The significant rather than the sensational features are stressed. The result is an eminently fair presentation of both sides of the case—a result which inevitably appeals to the thoughtful in contrast to the casual reader.

At times when discussing economic theories the author appears to be a little confused (as who isn't?) but his ability to express an idea in a few words is always in evidence. When speaking of the heavy expenditures authorized by the Roosevelt administration and the rapidly rising debt of the Federal Government, he succinctly states, "What was going on might be described as a race between recovery and national bankruptcy."

Commencing with the narration of the incidents which preceded and were responsible for the formation of the United States Steel Corporation, Mr. Allen relates in turn the financial highlights of the past thirty-five years. The Northern Pacific panic, the panic of 1907, reform and regulation under Roosevelt (Theodore), government investigations, war profits—these provide the essential features of the first half of the chronicle. From there on the names of Morgan, Baker, Stillman, Rockefeller, along with the other well-known Wall Street "buccannery" of the day fill its pages. The "seven fat years" (1922-1929), the subsequent collapse of prosperity, the advent of President Roosevelt, are discussed at length; finally an effort has been made to appraise the extent and permanence of the recovery which has materialized during the past two years.

Mr. Allen neither condemns nor condones; but one does not need to

(Continued on Page 7)

The Past Before Us

BY JESSIE MCEWEN

"The Long Years," by Sigrid Undset.
Toronto, Ryerson, \$2.50.

THERE are at least three ways of writing books about children, apart entirely from the book for children about children. The one most usually resorted to is that in which the child is the guileless instrument of the author, used to achieve a truly noble purpose, perhaps a satisfactory ending to a romantic tale, or a moral driven home with abundant illustration. There is that famous way, one should, to be truthful, write notorious, of writing with ecstatic fervor about the sweetness and innocence of beautiful childhood, in which the author presents triumphantly a considerable quantity of gentle smiles, sweet sayings, sombre reflections on her own childhood, and tender references to children who found the burdens of this world too great for them and sought refuge in heaven. This author is a glutton for readers' tears, and in years gone by his greedy appetite was satisfied. Recently the quite technical book about children has crowded its former competitor almost to obscurity, and now when children weep, are fretful, impudent or wilful, perplexed parents need only to reach for this "scientific" work; it is something of a cross between a handbook and a prayer-book.

Now if you know Sigrid Undset, you will know that "The Long Years" is not patterned on any of these. You will observe that she calls the book simply "The Long Years," not Golden Childhood, not The Floating Years of Youth, and not Never to Return to Us, a title I once came on in a magazine that purported to be a guide and comfort to all people with all tastes. Think back on your own childhood; do not do it through the mistiness of sweet recollections, but rather with the thought in your mind that the threads of promise and resolve of your childhood have not yet been woven into the cloth of your adult growth, and you will see how significant, and how simple and direct is the challenge of this title.

Sigrid Undset had no other motive than that of the storyteller when she wrote this tale. She did not want to teach parents; nor did she want to cast a magic halo about childhood. I say this with assurance, for there is nothing in the book that detracts from its strong sense of actuality, actuality in the sense of an individual life, growing from the bud of babyhood to the blossom of childhood. The first line is of the baby Ingvild, not Ingvild's father, not her mother, not even her en-

vironment, although the latter is of enormous consequence to a crawling, inquisitive baby. You will know from this that Mrs. Undset has a simple design for her narrative, a not unusual characteristic of her work, and you will realize when you have read no more than her opening chapter that her design is as beautiful as it is simple. Not once do we see Ingvild through any eyes but her own, and her whole environment is revealed to us in a like manner. When her father, aghast at the ease with which his daughter can tell a lie, thrashes her, it is with Ingvild hiding under the table that the reader is concerned, not with the mother remonstrating with the father. When the little sister, Marat, offers sympathy, it is not Marat but Ingvild, ignoring the comfort that her sister proffers her and feeling instinctively that her father had right on his side, that is the one focus of interest.

This simplicity of design, if it were not natural to the author, one might say, had been chosen for an important reason, and that, to protect her story from emotional undercurrents. Think back to the books you have read that had a childhood setting, or introduction merely, and recall, if you can, one that is free from these devastating undercurrents. You cannot? Neither can I. Authors have a painful habit of worrying childhood life out of its ease and simplicity. There is none of it here. Ingvild's life comes to us with a directness that will disappoint and bewilder the searcher after "hidden motives."

In some parts of the book, especially when Ingvild makes the acquaintance of her grandfather, when she is drawn into friendship with the wholly fascinating Milli Wilster, and when she receives the new uncle who buys his way to favor, there is genuine music in her thoughts. The rhythm of the tale is beautifully steady throughout and this is due, partly of course, to the author's concentration of character interest, but also to the grave delicacy of her writing. She has not let one extravagant phrase mar its clearness; it is fashioned as skilfully, as the character of Ingvild is revealed, bit by bit, now by incident, now by contact, now by contemplation. But you must not think that because there is an almost symphonic blending of the writing with the theme, or the subject rather, that the story lacks vivacity. It is as buoyant as a rugged book of travel, and it should cast a flood of light on the problems of those who deal with children and are convinced that the ways of children are strange and inexplicable.



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"An Introductory History of England and Europe, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day," by Mrs. H. A. L. Fisher, Toronto, Ryerson, \$2.50. "I have tried to tell the story of the British people, not as the story of an isolated island, but as part of the whole story of Europe, to describe how the present Britain has come into being, and, as part of that account, to sketch the development of the modern Europe."—From the author's preface.

"Dictatorship and Democracy," by Sir John A. R. Marriott, Toronto, Oxford, \$2. A survey of political experiments from the days of Ancient Greece to our own in an attempt to explain Hitlerism and Fascism, the implication of the book being "a recognition of the truth that Democracy, Direct, Representative or Presidential, is not necessarily the best form of government for all peoples at all times."

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"The West Country," by R. A. J. Walling, Toronto, Blackie & Son, \$2.50. A comprehensive picture of England's westernmost peninsula, dealing with the characteristics of the country and the people in a lively, anecdotal way. Illustrated with many photographs.

"Life Among the Lapps," by Sven Haxlund, London, Denis Archer, 12 6. A colorful account of the habits and customs of the inhabitants of Lapland. Illustrated with photographs.

"Arctic Nights Entertainment," the Life Story of August Masik, as told to Isabel Wylie, Hutchinson, Toronto, Blackie & Son, \$2.50. Readers of "North to the Rhine-Ringed Sun" will recall Gus Masik, the Estonian sailor and gold-digger, trapper, dog-musher and trader. Here is his life story.

"Desolate Marches," Travels in the Orinoco Llanos of Venezuela, by L. M. Nesbitt, Toronto, Nelson. The record of an engineering survey of a vast stretch of the Orinoco basin, for an American petroleum country. By the author of "Desert and Forest."

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"A Scotsman in Canada," by James H. Walker, Toronto, Nelson. The author spent a year in Canada, in 1923, harvested, railroaded, lived among the down-and-outs in Winnipeg, worked on an Ontario farm and returned to Scotland on a cattle-boat. A frank, colorful biography.

"I'd Live It Again," by Lieut.-Colonel E. J. O'Mara, Toronto, Nelson, \$3.75. An attractive and zestful

account of the author's career as an Army surgeon in India.

"Looking Backwards—and Forwards," by the Rt. Hon. George Lansbury, M.P., Toronto, Blackie & Son, \$2.50. The former leader of the British Labor party describes his book as a "series of reminiscences." In easy conversational style he describes an eventful and crowded life. The last chapters of the book are devoted to pen portraits of celebrated persons he has known, from Lenin to Mrs. Booth.

MISCELLANEOUS

"Wild Flowers of the Great Dominions of the British Empire," by the Lady Rockley, C.B.E., Toronto, Macmillan. A book for botanist and layman alike. The author has traveled in all the Dominions and here gives a description and account of their characteristic flowers and trees. The book is illustrated with colored plates showing the plants of outstanding beauty and interest.

"The Achievement of Happiness," by Boris Sokoloff, M.D., Toronto, Musson, \$3. Writing in a frankly autobiographical tone, the author shows that all human beings possess the capacity for happiness and that a proper knowledge of our minds, bodies and emotions can help us to achieve it.

"The Patient's Dilemma," A Public Trial of the Medical Profession, by S. A. Tannenbaum, M.D., and Paul Maerker Branden, Toronto, Longmans, Green. "The hideous truth about the commercial side of the practice of medicine, 'exposing the rackets' of the 'mercenary medics'."

ART

"The Artist and His Public," by Eric Newton, Toronto, Nelson, \$2.50. A study of the problem of the layman's approach to art, especially the art of painting, with particular reference to modern movements.

"Six Architects," by Sir Reginald Blomfield, R.A., Toronto, Macmillan, \$1.75. Critical studies of Palladio, Bernini, Inigo Jones, François Mansart, the younger Gabriel, Wren.

SPORT, ETC.

"The Secret of Keeping Fit," by "Artie" McGovern, Toronto, Macmillan. The noted American physical instructor describes his methods for keeping in physical trim. The book provides a whole gymnasium course.

FEUDAL FINANCE

(Continued from Page 1)

possess a fine moral perception to deplore the low standard of ethics which has characterized the conduct of business in the United States and perhaps to a lesser extent in Canada as well. To quote Mr. Allen: "The generally prevailing standard of ethics of American business is perhaps not much higher than that succinctly expressed by Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York when Governor Franklin Roosevelt was examining him on the witness stand at Albany: 'I don't think it is ethical for anybody to do anything illegal.'" American (and Canadian) business has suffered from the lack of a sense of trusteeship on the part of men in positions of power and influence. The public has been something to plunder rather than to protect.

The contrast in the methods adopted by Hoover and those instituted by Roosevelt is referred to as follows: "To say that Hoover thought of business in terms of corporations and profits, and Roosevelt thought of it in terms of people, is perhaps not quite accurate. But I think it is fair to say that Hoover thought first of the owners and managers; if they prospered, he felt, their prosperity would filter down to the less fortunate. Roosevelt thought first of the less fortunate; if they prospered, he felt, their prosperity would seep up to the owners even if the owners meanwhile had to be subjected to a little restraint." Also in the concluding chapter: "It was a strangely altered world in which the former lords of creation now found themselves. The economic initiative had definitely passed from Wall Street to Washington. . . . Such lucid phraseology is typical of Mr. Allen's writing.

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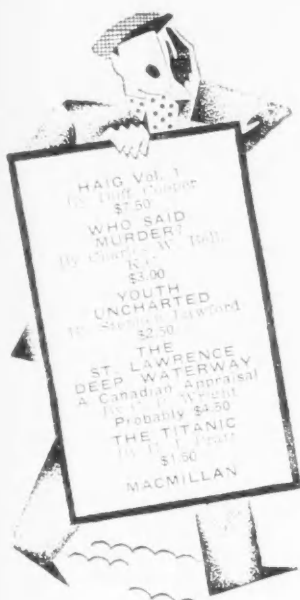
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THE NEW FICTION**PURITAN HERO**

"The Last Puritan," by George Santayana. Toronto, Macmillan, \$2.75.

BY B. K. SANDWELL

MR. SANTAYANA is a Professor of Philosophy, of Continental European origin, who possesses a long and profound acquaintance with American youth of the best type. Out of this acquaintance he has written what he calls "A Memoir in the form of a novel." It is a singularly gracious and understanding study of the life of a young Bostonian who is represented as being accidentally killed at about twenty-five years of age just after the close of the war. The effects of the puritan strain in the hero's ancestry are studied with the utmost care, and are cleverly contrasted with those of a catholic European upbringing in the case of one of his relatives by marriage, who is the second most important figure in the book. The author's own attitude towards puritanism is a singular blending of affection for its splendid qualities with what seems like a conviction that it is destined to die out in the world in somewhat the same manner as the prehistoric monsters of some remote geological times, who perished because of lack of adaptation to their surroundings. The New England Puritan, one gathers, was able to make money out of the labors of the vast horde of European emigrants who came to his shores during the nineteenth century, but was never able to absorb them into his spiritual surroundings. They remained a foreign and intrusive substance, and he went on living his life in Boston and other isolated communities, keeping all non-puritan elements at arm's length, convinced of the irresistible superiority of his system of morals, and his intellectual endowments, and gradually losing that contact with the mass of the people which is as essential to the continuance of an aristocracy as contact with the earth is for the continuance of a flower.

The novel has an unusual claim upon the attention of all who are interested in the growth and tendencies of the modern university, inasmuch as it contains Professor Santayana's conclusions upon many of the salient phenomena of that institution, from its football team to its elective courses. They are presented with the most charming air of carelessness, not as pronouncements by the author of the novel, but usually as reflections by the more intelligent of its characters, or in the form of long discussions between the undergraduates themselves.

The book is extremely difficult to classify, being entirely unlike the ordinary American novel, and equally unlike the English novel of university life, although there are more points of similarity with that than with anything that has yet come out of the United States. One is left with the feeling that the chief difference between America and Europe is in the inferior mastery of Americans over the art of life, due perhaps to the fact that they have too consistently insisted that it was not an art but a duty.

HIRED MAN

"Beany Eye," by David Garnett. Toronto, Oxford Press, \$1.50.

BY E. B. STURGIS

DAVID GARNETT, the son of Edward Garnett, critic and friend of such different writers as Conrad and Galsworthy, and Constance Garnett, translator of the Russian works which are today best known in England and America, received a scientific education. He discovered, we are told, a new species of mushroom before his main attention was transferred to literary criticism, editorship and creative work.

These biographical notes are not out of place in a review of his latest book, "Beany Eye," for the story is admitted to be in part autobiographical, and is written indeed in the first person as

the reminiscence of an adventure in which he was embroiled at eight years old. Beany-eye was a hired man taken on by Mr. Butler, the father in the tale, an excitable creature, unprepossessing in appearance and alarming in general habits, who one day ran amok to the danger of the household and community.

The incident is intrinsically exciting; Beany-eye in his frenzy hammers at the front door while Mrs. Butler and Dicky escape through the back to summon help, and he assaults Mr. Butler with an axe and a hoe. There is also a strong psychological interest. We observe as well as stare. At eight years old the boy has already a certain scientific detachment; he remembers "watching Beany-eye's face" as the man was handed a glass of beer. The transition from Beany-eye's first rapturous joy at the plan to set him up as a hawk buying old iron and rabbit skins, to the fury that has made a madman of him by morning is subtly, patiently and penetratingly perceived.

For all the book's air of photographic naturalness, its craftsmanship is a delight. In the first part Beany-eye, sane but excitable, performs actions that are paralleled later when we reach the second part and are to understand Beany-eye mad. The stirring events are given a wider general setting than the grounds of an English country house by the presence of a Russian friend who, as an old revolutionary accustomed to police raids since her girlhood, remains unperturbed. The third part, however, when Beany-eye, sane again, is despatched as an emigrant to Canada, loses the exciting inevitability of the earlier narrative.

There is humor in the book and, as is usual in Mr. Garnett's work, an implied criticism of the standards that his readers and characters are accepting. The dialogue is excellent; in some of Beany-eye's remarks there lurks a kind of poetry, and there is a fine, short description of a sunset dramatically indicating in its storminess the tenor of the tale.

DARK CYCLE

"Once We Had a Child," by Hans Fallada. Toronto, Ryerson, \$2.50.

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

TWO years ago, in "Little Man What Now?" Hans Fallada gave us Little Pinneberg, a resourceless clerk, loving and weak; the white collar worker who asked only to be a member of society on whatever small terms it would concede him and who had nothing but a desperate rabbit courage to oppose it when it thrust him out.

In "Once We Had a Child" he gives us Johannes Gantschow, a German farmer, a ruthless savage individualist who created his own world and lived in it on his own bitter terms, forcing all those about him to accept them or withdraw. The two characters are so completely and at the same time so exactly opposed that it is almost as though the author had dipped the shadowy negative Pinneberg in some powerful solution and so evolved the harsh, positive Johannes Gantschow.

It is significant, too, that these two novels, so widely divergent in treatment and subject-matter, carry the same underlying thesis. Pinneberg, worsted by the outside world, was saved by his love for wife and child. Gantschow, who forced his world to his own savage will, was destroyed in the end by his own corroding selfishness.

There are Pinnebergs in every large city. But the Gantschows belonged to the Fiddichow peninsula on the Island of Rugen, and there was never more than one true Gantschow in a generation. To give us Johannes the author had to go a long way back in heredity, and very minutely into environment. The first two parts, "Forebears" and "Boyhood," are crowded with legend, incident and folk-detail, some of it relevant to the story, much of it so



GEORGE SANTAYANA

extraordinary or grotesquely ribald in itself that the author, it was evident, couldn't bring himself to exclude it. For pages on end the raconteur takes precedence over the novelist. It is only with the incident of Black Bullenberger that the story takes its direction, and the reader is able at last to distinguish the woods from the trees.

Johannes and his schoolmate, the little Countess Christiana von Fiddle, playing on the ice-bergs, were carried out just at nightfall to the Baltic. How after terrible hours of fear and cold they were rescued by Black Bullenberger, the extraordinary bond he laid them under and how they redeemed it, all this told with increasing swiftness, irony and drama, is the beginning proper of Johannes' story.

The dominant passion of Johannes' life was his peasant love of land. He neglected his wife for his fields and animals, partly from indifference, partly from sheer incapacity to understand the longing and despair of those about him. Even Christiana, the childhood playmate to whom he returned, could not hold him. It was only when his child was born, dead and Christiana turned away from him in fear that he recognized the destruction within himself.

The first Gantschow, according to legend, fell in love with his own daughter, and at her death chained himself to his bed and let the rats of Warde Farm devour him. Johannes, the last Gantschow, also returned to Warde Farm and to a fate scarcely less menacing; and the cycle of the Gantschows was complete. It is unlikely that "Once We Had a Child" will have the wide appeal of Hans Fallada's earlier novel. It is too involved in its beginning, too desolate in its conclusion. Yet it is in many ways the more powerful novel of the two. When it is finished the life of Fiddichow and the Gantschows has become darkly and inescapably a part of the imagination.

MOTHER'S SON

"Motteke the Thief," by Sholem Asch. Translated from the Yiddish by Edwin and Willa Muir. Toronto, Ryerson, \$2.

BY MARGARET LAWRENCE

"THREE Cities," which came out two years ago, was one of the great books of the age. St. Petersburg, Warsaw and Moscow, Sholem Asch took his Jewish hero through the Revolution, and on the journey found or tried to find the answer to the persistent peculiarly vital presence of the Jew in western civilization. He gathered up on the way the inner quality that characterizes the race as a whole and the paradoxical individual aspects of the racial characteristics. He presented his hero as the real traditional Jew with his amazing individual adaptability and his amazing racial unadaptability going side by side, working into the destinies of alien people yet fundamentally aloof, a congenial observer of the ups and downs of civilizations since the time of Rome and before it until now.

This new book, "Motteke the Thief," is no such great book. It is a simple folk tale written about a

Yiddish speaking boy who found himself at war with his world, not on any general racial principle, but on an acute individual principle. It is a book which could not have been written before Freud. It comes from the Freudian text that the impressions of babyhood are lasting, and set up defences which form the pattern of conduct throughout life.

It might be called a folk tale of the new order.

Mottke was born to a mother who hired herself out as a nurse to other babies. Mottke was deprived of his mother and resented the deprivation. He yearned all through his life for her, and he at the same time set up a resentment in his subconscious mind against her, and from her the resentment passed to the world, particularly to women. He hunted for his mother all through his life and he tried to debase her by his conduct with other women. He was the victim of an inner conflict. He found out very early that he could disgrace her by stealing and by refusing to go to school and by running away. He ran away into bad company. He became a professional thief. He murdered a man, and he drifted into the white slave traffic as a procurer. He made money and became a big man in the brothel world of Warsaw. By selling women he had paid off his mother, and having paid her off, the image began to turn its other side to him. He began to want her. He wanted a wife of his own to light the Sabbath candles for him. He yearned for respectability and he made an effort to become a good Jew. He got out of the white slave business. He wooed the girl who reminded him of his mother. He became formally betrothed to her. Then the call of the mother in him took its ultimate note. He had to confess his sins to the girl. She was not fine enough in her spiritual texture to take it. She ran in terror to her parents. They said she could not marry a murderer and they ran in their terror to the police. Mottke looked at the girl when he understood what she had done and it was the same look he had turned upon his mother when she had left him to attend to the other baby.

This is a perfect story cycle, taking the small beginning of a trauma in a child and tracing its progress through the evolving adult personality and carrying it through to its social defence action and its denouement. It is written gently and evenly and unemotionally, but throughout there is a fine understanding of the human tragedy, showing that tragedy to be not so much in the actual pattern of detail as in the psychic pattern of inner conflict. The background of the story lies in the low half world of Warsaw and its environs and moving against and through this background are peasants, merchants, circus folk and prostitutes. They move as human folk. There is nothing clinical about the book. It does not read like a case history. It is so humanly presented it merges as a simple story, for all its case history individuality into the broad general race story.

DAEMON'S WIFE

"Here Lies a Most Beautiful Lady," by Richard Blaker. Toronto, Ryerson, \$2.50.

BY WILLIAM M. GIBSON

THERE is no such thing as a typical Richard Blaker novel. Lending library patrons cannot demand his most recent work with the certainty that it will conform to pattern, that it will be the same kind of thing as the last book of his that they read. Richard Blaker does not write to formula; each one of his books to date has been a different from the others as is chalk from cheese, and the amazing part of it all is that one never mutters a wish that he would "go back to his old style."

Mr. Blaker's versatility is always successful. Each new manner that he utilizes is thoroughly interesting, thoroughly readable. And the result is that picking out a Richard Blaker from the shelves brings back recollections of childhood's lucky dips; you don't know what you're going to get, but you do know you're going to get something and the something is bound to be fun.

"Here Lies a Most Beautiful Lady"

is as unlike "The Needle Watcher" and "Night Shift" and "Medal Without Bar" as those books were unlike each other. Which leaves us pretty well where we started! But it does make it quite definite that this new book cannot be considered by the light of comparison with any of the author's previous products.

Hester Billiter, regarded superficially, was the stolid, unimaginative wife of a "go-getter," who dutifully followed him at the briefest notice to any part of the world in which there appeared to be any chance of making money. That is the impression you are given of her, when you first encounter her, at the age of fifty-four, in the Carpathian oil fields. "In the land of Cossacks," Mr. Blaker tells you, "as properly as the Governor wore on his head a tea-cosy of Persian lamb, she wore the toque of Kensington High Street, and a veil with small black velvet dots on it. Her coat, it is true, was Persian lamb; but it was HER coat, not just a coat of the country she happened to be in. She had had it, in point of fact, for about twenty years; and it had been made for her in Toronto."

And then Mr. Blaker takes you through Hester's wandering life; England to start with, and then, as John Billiter's wife, Canada—Quebec, Toronto, St. Thomas, Sarnia, Petrolia—Austria, Mexico, Canada again, the Caucasus. And gradually it becomes plain that this apparently simple, apparently docile wearer of the toque of Kensington High Street is in her way a genius, and a far greater genius than her eclectic, gold-seeking, oil-seeking, whirlwind daemon of a husband. The moral, if there is need of a moral, is that quietude is of greater avail than bluster; that "ehi va piano, va sano." However, Hester Billiter would not have applied such high-sounding phrases to herself; it was sufficient for her that she was essential, that without her the ship of John Billiter—though of course he would never have realized it—would have quickly floundered.

Small wonder that the English Book Society named "Here Lies a Most Beautiful Lady" as its October choice; it is a book of extraordinary power, and the more powerful because of the quiet simplicity (much like that of its central character, Hester) with which it is written. Thank you very much, Mr. Blaker!

FIN DE SIECLE AGAIN

"There Goes the Queen," by G. U. Ellis. Toronto, McClelland and Stewart, \$3.00.

BY MARIE CHRISTIE

THE versatile Mr. Noel Coward has a good deal to answer for artistically. In all fairness one feels he really must take some responsibility for the inundating flood of professional novels-of-the-years that have nearly swamped the bookstalls since "Cavalcade." Inspired subconsciously no doubt by that play's success, and encouraged by fashion's interest in everything Victorian from ball fringe to bustles, a great many novelists have paid Mr. Coward the sincerest flattery. Far too many, some people think.

"There Goes the Queen" is no light novel to be tossed off in an hour or so before one sleeps. To maintain one's health and the use of the left



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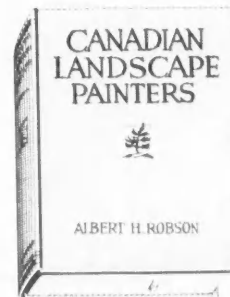
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arm, it should be taken in moderate doses before and after meals, when it will probably last several months. Two of its most outstanding characteristics are its leisurely pace and its decided bulk. Its style is pleasant, but alas, very far from compact. Though book and play cover approximately the same period—the early 90's to the Great War—there is considerably less patriotic fervor here than in "Cavalcade." To a number of readers this will probably be no loss, feeling as they do that Queen Victoria's funeral and the relief of Ladysmith might well rest in peace for a time. Indeed, public events are the only occurrence that G. U. Ellis does not think worth a wealth of wordy detail. The "Queen" he stresses in his title is not an Empress but a river steamer, subsequently sunk as a gunboat.

Although the reader is introduced with some deliberation to six Crome brothers in the early chapters of the book, not much attempt is made to foster the acquaintanceship, and the story soon settles down to describing James Crome and his relations with his children, particularly Brock, who soon takes over the role of hero. The development of child characters is not one of the Ellis best arts. When they are ten years of age Brock and Hortense converse thus: "Brock turned to Diana: 'Do you mind going into the garden, Di? I want to speak to Hortense.' 'Why did you laugh at her?' he demanded. 'Because she was ridiculous, unreal, talking like your mother, instead of like herself.' 'Then if you think that, why did you tell her you were sorry you were rude to her?' 'To please you, I hit you, so I apologized to her. That's what you wanted, isn't it?' 'Surely that, in argument and diction, is a bit unusual in ten-year-olds."

Hortense is a very mannered heroine throughout—very much preoccupied with her own legs and given to holding crimson rosebuds to her face and glancing archly over her shoulder.

Curiously enough, after apparently using the left hand for three-quarters of the book, the author seems to have decided to finish it with the right. Characterization begins to sharpen, the pace increases and the few War chapters, in which Brock and his terrified younger brother, Godfrey, are under fire, are very moving and appallingly real. Those who care to remember may recall brothers and beaux who told of a war very like that. A miserable, blind, horrible affair, where courage and intelligence were neither protection nor comfort.

LIBERAL EDITOR

(Continued from Page 1)

viewpoint changed by degrees even while he was still editor of the *Globe* is interestingly indicated in a letter of the late Senator Lewis written just after the great editor's death. Discussing his gradual change over to the Conservative party, Mr. Lewis says: "Long before he left the *Globe* he became more and more favorable to protection." One may see in this either the independent mind modifying its convictions upon purely intellectual grounds, or something of the influence of a pervasive local atmosphere. If the editor's mind was at all suggestible in this way, he could hardly fail to be influenced by the practically universal belief among his later friends and associates that separate schools are in themselves an evil to be avoided by anything short of a breach of constitutional obligation.

Willison's own view was that Laurier had "turned squarely in the other direction." In his early days he had shown "resolute resistance to clerical interference in education." It is an interesting point that this resolute resistance took place in connection with Provinces in which separate schools were already established. It is one thing to permit a Province to carry out in its own way the obligations which a constitution has imposed upon it. It is another thing, and perhaps not wholly a provincial question, to determine the constitutional obligations of a newly created Province. Mr. Colquhoun, whose mind had a very great influence upon that of Sir John Willison at the very period in question, closes his chapter on this subject with a curiously emphatic sentence. "To meddle with provincial jurisdiction in education," he says,

"ought to be as obsolete as the claim of the Stuart Kings to exercise the dispensing power." Sir Wilfrid Laurier would perhaps have inquired what is the provincial jurisdiction of a Province which has not yet been created.

This is merely the most interesting portion of a book which is crowded with interest from first page to last. There is, if anything, too little of Mr. Colquhoun's own narrative, but the volume is a large one and there is nothing among the Willison letters here published which we would willingly spare. The sound common sense of the great editor's reflections upon the fantastic economic events from 1914 to his death is incredibly refreshing.

UGLY DUCKLING

(Continued from Page 1)

transition was easy. In 1761 a move was made from the squalor of Green Arbour Court to a decent lodging in Wine Office Court, and "here on May 31 Percy brought Johnson to supper with the journalist." The Bishop relates that when going to fetch the great man he was amazed to find him "in a new suit of clothes and a new wig nicely powdered." He ventured to ask the reason. "Why, sir," said Johnson, "I hear that Goldsmith, who is a very great slob, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice; and I am desirous this night to show him a better example."

The rest of the story is well known, for if we have not all read Johnson, we have at least read Boswell and Goldsmith, which is more rewarding. Kindness and condescension were combined in Johnson's treatment of this strange Irish fellow. Towards Boswell the kindness was less marked, and it is one of the ironies of literature that his reputation now in a measure clings to theirs.

ROMANTICS THREE

(Continued from Page 2)

and wives and mistresses there were faults on every side, but faults which for the most part are matters for sympathy rather than for condemnation. It is one of the distinct merits of the book that it brings out this fact so clearly. The study of the relations between Byron and his wife is an admirable example of the presentation of an essentially human problem in which tragedy resulted from the very nature of the circumstances rather than from evil or deliberate malice on either side.

Inevitably this book is more than a personal study of three men. Their lives touched a varied and interesting circle to which the author does full justice. Leigh Hunt and Godwin and Haydon, Tom Moore and Thomas Love Peacock, Wordsworth and Coleridge and Southey, all come to life in these pages. The author has handled a series of difficult themes on a broad canvas, and the balance and perspective of the resulting composition are matters for sincere appreciation.



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EUROPEAN STATESMAN

(Continued from Page 4)

nich's unerring judgment and almost invariable success. The crisis leading to the formation of Belgium, for instance, is hardly touched upon; and due weight is hardly given to the role of France in the Near Eastern crisis of 1849. The omissions are significant; and in spite of the author's convincing style, I myself retain considerable reservations of opinion on Metternich's good faith, and still more on his infallibility.

It says much for this volume, however, that these very real flaws do little to detract from the pleasure which the book provides. The author has caught the spirit of her period and enlivened it with clear-cut and entertaining character sketches. Gentz, Alexander of Russia, Madame Lievin, to say nothing of George IV and Louis XVIII, come to life in the flashes we catch as they move across these pages. And if the breadth and ramifications of the political issues are not always brought out, the nature of the main conflicts of diplomacy is clearly recognized, and the story of these conflicts as here presented has much that is significant even for our own day.

UNMASKING IL DUCE

(Continued from Page 2)

group of social philosophers. The result was a tremendous extension of his oratorical armament without much increase to his wisdom.

As a result of his violent temper, he ran foul of the authorities on many occasions, as much for civil misdemeanors as political indiscretions. Being prominently associated with the Italian Socialist party, these unsought and unwelcome incidents gave him some of the glamor of martyrdom which his oratory, subsequently, turned to account.

THE turning point of his life was his meeting with Dr. Angelica Balabanoff, who took him in hand and launched him on a journalistic career as editor of the *Avanti*. Dr. Balabanoff is rated by Marxists as almost co-equal with Lenin and it is one of the

strangest paradoxes of history that she should have proved so strong a source of inspiration to both the Communist leader and the Fascist Duce. Having won prominence as editor of the radical newspaper and become a propagandist of considerable influence, Mussolini's "Will to Power," which is the dominating influence of his life, received both nourishment and encouragement. He became consciously ambitious and, having achieved eloquence as a champion of neutrality, with slightly pro-German leanings, in accordance with the policy of his party, he suddenly and quite cheerfully abandoned his stand in favor of Italian intervention on the side of the Allies.

Mr. Seldes offers evidence to prove that this volte face in the editorial policy of the *Avanti* was prompted by conversations with French agents which indicated that the French Bureau of Propaganda was looking for and prepared to pay well for a good, influential pen. The editorial procured Mussolini his dismissal from the Socialist party and the loss of his editorial chair. It also provided him with a new paper of his own, *The Popo d'Italia*, and compensation at the rate of ten thousand francs per month. His feet were thus firmly set on the road to power and his progress from then on has been scarcely interrupted.

He joined up with d'Annunzio in his ridiculous and delirious adventure at Fiume and abandoned him shamelessly when the town was beleaguered, having come to terms with the Government. He served at the Front amid much blowing of trumpets and journalistic heroics although he scarcely saw action. He put up thirty-four wound stripes although he was only wounded once by thirty-four splinters from the explosion of his own trench mortar. At that, he was wounded in the most undignified place which necessitated him lying in the hospital on his stomach, a detail which was not given general publicity as it is hard to make heroes out of people wounded in the buttocks by the explosion of their own weapons. Even the famous march on Rome appears to have been a myth. The march was

only successful because of the weakness of the Government and entirely erroneous reports, circulated by its enemies, that there was disaffection in the provinces. A small band of underfed and hesitant Black Shirts were encamped outside the Walls of the City and Senator Mussolini himself was not even there. He was at Milan.

The whole Fascist triumph reads like a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. There was no blood spilt and the nearest approach to violence was when Mussolini, determined to do the thing properly, erected barricades outside his newspaper office which no one was attacking and nearly got killed by a bullet from one of his own supporters who fired in a panic. The whole story of the rise of this mighty man of steel, this great ruler, this modern Caesar would be absolutely incredible as told by Mr. Seldes, but for the remarkably careful way in which every incident is authenticated by reference to the source material and the reproduction, in several instances of official documents, court records, affidavits and permissions to quote signed by eye-witnesses.

All together, "Sawdust Caesar" reveals most disconcertingly what a phantasmagoria post-war civilization in Europe has been and one realizes, with a twinge of uneasiness, that many of the symptoms are recognizable in civilization on this side of the Atlantic.

LIGHT ON SHAKESPEARE

(Continued from Page 1)

I doubt if it could be got across on the stage. But the suggested reference of Lucianus, nephew to the King, to Hamlet rather than Claudius in the eyes of everyone but Claudius himself, is positively brilliant, and adds both power and meaning to the situation that follows.

It is interesting to observe that Prof. Dover Wilson, who has for long been saturating himself in Elizabethan literature and archaeology as an aid to Shakespearean interpretation, seems to arrive here at his most striking results by forgetting

all he has learned and returning to a plain and naive inspection of the text. His book is only another proof that the most profitable interpretative advance will be, like Prof. Spurgeon's work, contemporary rather than historical. True, he offers a lot of Elizabethan reference both as to ghost-lore and melancholia. But, though interesting enough for itself, it retards rather than advances the argument. For what emerges? That the ghost is enigmatic and Hamlet's "madness" properly a borderline state. And we need no researches come from the records office to tell us either—not to prove that "incest" is here a dominating obsession. Prof. Dover Wilson indeed himself admits as much. Strangely, however, he neglects the one point on which something of a deliberately Elizabethan focus is needed. It is all but impossible for us today to realize the true significance and importance of Shakespeare's kings. Dr. G. B. Harrison, in "Shakespeare at Work," has well emphasized the terror of possible anarchy that oppressed the nation towards the end of Elizabeth's reign. And the whole of "Hamlet" is greatly clarified if we see in Claudius something at least of "the deputy elected by the Lord" and a symbol of stability and order which to attack is, in any first instance, black treason; and which demands from the audience a certain instinctive respect irrespective of plot complications. And, of course, I would myself go further than that, having been for long especially fond of this amiable, well-meaning, pious, efficient and essentially avuncular sovereign.

THE story of the second Byrd Antarctic Expedition has been recorded in "Discovery," by Richard E. Byrd (Thomas Allen, \$4.). "Little America," it will be remembered, chronicled the first trip. This new volume is a big one, over 400 pages in length, and presents the expedition in complete detail and from all angles, geographical, scientific and personal. It is well illustrated with maps and photographs.

Books for Children

(Continued from Page 3)

matter of book production. It is stunning, but its great importance, of course, lies in its gentle approach to fine literature and in its first early presentation to the child approaching adolescence of the beauty of romance and the love element in the story of mankind, how it makes men do valiant things for women and how it beboozes a little girl to grow up into as lovely a woman as she can in order that she may turn even into knights.

THE peak book of the collection is Princess Elizabeth's Girl book. This is a collection of stories written for children by outstanding authors in England. It is very well put together. It contains a striking photograph of the Princess. It is so true it hardly needs any words written about it. With the support of the Princess it will have its own way with the sales and in the children's world of books will be an best-seller and the most discussed book.

And following it so far as Canada is concerned are the two books that



"THE TINDER BOX". An illustration from "Four Tales of Hans Andersen".

come from the Vice-regal family, "Procter John" by John Buchan, and "The Frodo of the Garden," by Susan Buchan. "Procter John" is not for little boys. It belongs to the adventurous age that sets in with adolescence, maybe a little before and a little after. It is teen age. It is thrilling and powerful and at the same time simple and tells the story of a young man who went to sea and met a man who pulled the old legend of Procter John still mysteriously alive and residing in Africa. Lady Tweed-muir's book does not belong to the same age. It is younger

and is a book about birds who come into a little boy's garden. It may be given to any child who has begun to show an interest in books and might be read to those even younger in whom parents want to plant a respect for birds.

Aside from all these mentioned there are other books just as fine. One of the finest in the collection is "All Sail Set," by Armstrong Sperry. It tells the story of The Flying Cloud and takes the young reader back to the vigorous days on the New England coast when men built sailing ships and went out to sea in them. The Flying Cloud lives in our racial memory and has its symbol now in the modern age in a motor car. Then there is a new Arthur Ransome, a story for young lads called "Coot Club." It has to do with a group of youngsters on a river boat in England. It is written with inimitable style. There is a book about the art of riding by Captain J. F. Hance. Rose Fyleman has a gorgeous story called "Jeremy Quince," about a boy who became Lord Mayor of London for a few days. Idella Purnell has an unusual contribution to make called "Pedro the Potter," which tells about how a little Mexican boy became a potter. This goes into the mysteries of pottery making and has an exotic art atmosphere behind its simple story lines. And Lucy Kitch Perkins tells a fascinating story about Chinese twins who journeyed for the distinction of scholarship in a Chinese garden set in far inland China. With the Japanese moving into China again, this book should be interesting to the child who keeps up in current events.

So there is in this list a collection of books in which there is a book for every child of every age. All of them are well produced, though some of them are better turned out, with more sense of style in production than the others. This is a very good thing to encourage in children. For shoddy produced books have a bad effect though we may not know it. They develop in the youngster an awareness of style in the set-up of a book is just as important as it is to develop in him a sense of style in writing. Taste is an all round attribute, particularly in these days. The shabby scholar gets no respect from the modern youth and quite rightly so, for immaculateness of appearance is an indication of something inside, and has a lot to do with psychological health. And inasmuch as psychological health is the keynote to all our educational and recreational efforts in this period of history, do not count pennies too carefully when choosing a book for a child. Give a book which belongs to the age, smart in its appearance and done with the best of taste.



"RANA JUMPED as she had never jumped before". An illustration from "Mr. Quill's Animal Shop".

The First Books After Babyhood

"A Little Lamb," by Helen and Alf Evers. Illustrated in color and in black and white. The Oxford University Press. 58 pages. .75.

Mary's little lamb went on his own adventures after the teacher turned him out of school that day he followed Mary everywhere. He went to a quilting bee the ladies were holding; and he jumped up to the quilt and tore a hole in it and all the ladies had a good cry. This was only one thing he did. See the rest of them in the book.

This is a godsend to the mother whose children are always asking, "and what did the lamb do then, Mamma?"

"We Go to Nursery School," by Marjorie Poppelton and William E. Blatz. With photographs by John M. Waterman. McClelland and Stewart. 61 pages. \$1.10.

This is a picture book about the life of a child who attends nursery school. The photographs have been taken from the famous nursery school, The St. George School for Child Study in Toronto. Dr. Blatz is head of the school. Miss Poppelton is one of his assistants. The collection of pictures is accompanied by a running commentary delightfully and dramatically brief explaining the pictures and sketching the history of a day's experience of a very small youngster in the school, touching upon the main objects of the school as it develops an all round social sense of co-operation and adaptability in the child before undesirable individual peculiarities have a chance to fix themselves in the habit pattern of the little mind. An excellent book both for parents who seriously consider their parental duties, and for the teacher, as well as for a youngster to look at. He might be able to get the idea of the school and benefit thereby even if it were impossible for him to attend.

"Little Baby Ann," by Lois Lenski. Illustrated in color and in black and white. The Oxford University Press. 48 pages. .75.

Last Christmas Lois Lenski published "The Little Auto," one of the very smartest of the books for small children. This is another like it only it is about a little girl baby. It is a picture book for the very tiny child and it takes little baby Ann all

through the dramatic occurrences of her daily life, including having her bath and taking her naps and so on. It makes the child routine adventures. Incidentally, somebody should write a book for children about the Dionne babies in this same way. It would make somebody a fortune, and interest a lot of small children.

"Bobo Dee," by Lionel Reid. Illustrated by R. Denison in color. The Oxford University Press. 48 pages. \$1.25.

For the baby just beginning to look at pictures and make some sense out of them. It is a good-sized book, and contains large pictures with a few words under them. Bobo Dee is a very little boy with a huge imagination and likes to pretend he is a great explorer and on speaking terms with all the wild animals. It is quite a time he has, and one day a real lion jumps over the garage roof and then there is fun. Both author and artist are Canadian.

"The Lady or the Tiger," by R. Hill. Illustrated in color by Wilma Hickson. Nelson. 24 pages. .50.

This is a very little picture book with a short text designed to meet the straightened pocketbook and the needs of the very small youngster, and the pictures themselves are each one of them worth the price of the whole book.

A Little Older but Still Very Young

"Around the World with the Alphabet and Hendrik Willem van Loon." Illustrated in four colors. The Mussen Book Company. 64 pages. \$1.25.

Van Loon passed up his royalties on this book in order that it might be published at a low enough cost to reach many children. It was written for his grandson and out of a desire that the children should have a book which was written not for its money-making possibilities for the author, but out of sheer fun. It is one of the finest things for children so far published. Van Loon takes each letter of the alphabet and relates it to some great place in the world and in his own inimitable way writes about that place for the children. A is for Athens and the children move right into Athens. J is for Jerusalem. T is for Tibet. So it goes on and makes an imaginary world cruise for the



AN ILLUSTRATION from "Little Baby Ann".

children to take before they go to sleep.

"Nip and Tuck." A true story of two Himalayan bear cubs and their friends. By George M. Dyott. With photographs by the author. Macmillan. 88 pages. \$1.25.

Commander Dyott made the first animal picture with sound. He is a world-famous explorer and he brought home for his little son two bear cubs, Nip and Tuck. This is the story of how the cubs came from the Himalayan mountains to New York city, and covers all their tragic and semi-tragic and comic experiences on shipboard.

"The Grateful Sparrow and Other Tales," by Angela Thirkell. Illustrated in color by Ludwig Richter. Hamish Hamilton, London. 117 pages. 5/.

These stories have been taken from the German folk tales for children and rendered into very affecting English. They are quaint and old-world and have a fine romantic flavor all of their own. They are designed primarily to give the child the sense of simple, dramatic narrative, instilling in him a feeling for the construction of a story, and educating his taste in narrative.

"Mister Penny," by Marie Hall Ets. Illustrated in black and white by the author. Macmillan. 47 pages. \$1.

Mister Penny is a poor old man who worked hard but kept himself poor taking care of a lot of animals whom he loved. The story in words and pictures tells all about his animal children. This book is delightful reading and the pictures have a strength and reality that make them stand out among many good pictures. The animals are very nice indeed and one can see why Mr. Penny takes care of them, but Mister Penny himself is so lovable he warms up the cockles of our hearts. An old man who has never grown old and still keeps the little boy feeling for the animal kingdom.

"Mr. Quill's Animal Shop," by Olwen Bowen. Illustrated in color and black and white by L. R. Brightwell. Nelson. 194 pages. 75.

Mr. Quill closes his shop on Wednesday afternoons and the animals have a time among themselves. They decided on this particular Wednesday

afternoon to entertain one another by telling themselves their life stories. It is a wonder they did not psychoanalyze themselves so intimate did they become in their revelations. This book has a nice whimsical tone to it.

"The House That Was Forgotten," by G. Dewi Roberts. Illustrated in black and white by Geoffrey Wedgwood. R.E. Macmillan. 112 pages. \$1.50.

There was an old house by the sea that had been deserted by human beings for many years, but four strangers found it to their liking, a heron, a cat, a sheep dog and a rabbit, and in the old house they built up a communal life for animals. Whimsical and very attractively told.

"Everyday Children," by Hildgard Woodward. Illustrated in color. The Oxford University Press. 45 pages. 75.

There were eight children, Molly, Teddy, Winny, Tira, Freddy, Simon, Sam and Sue. Life was full of wonderful things for them for they were learning all about everything that happens to everyday children. This is big print with good-sized pictures.

"The Little Mermaid," by Hans Christian Andersen. Illustrated by Pamela Bianco. Saunders. 55 pages. \$1.50.

The story is taken from the M. R. James translation of the Andersen Fairy Tales. It is a lovely edition and on the inside of the jacket the publishers have written a little essay for children on the care of their books, telling them how precious a heritage books are and how reverently they should be treated. This is a novel idea and has its place and might be very wise to tell to children. For no child should ever say on Christmas morning, "only a book." This whole book is produced with the idea that it is a pleasure to store in the mind.

"Four Tales from Hans Andersen," A new translation by R. U. Keigwin. Illustrated by Gwen Ravera. Macmillan. 77 pages. \$1.

A little pocket edition of four familiar old tales—The Tinder Box, Little Claus and Big Claus, The Princess and the Pea, and Little Ida's Flowers, taken from the well-nigh inexhaustible Andersen store of story gems for children. An inexpensive gift book.



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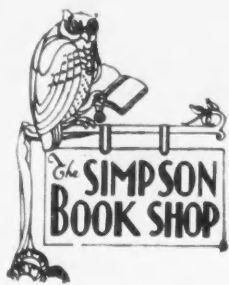


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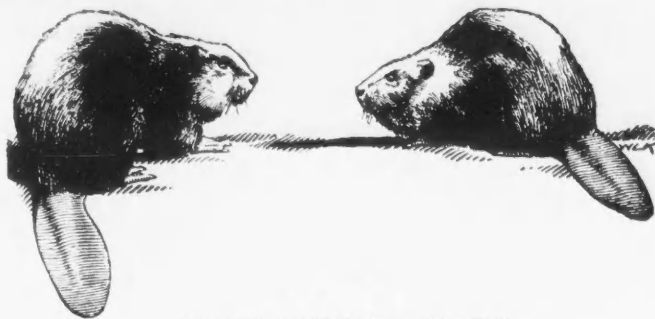
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"Tony's Scrap Book" by Tim Wany, 1.25

Simpson's Street Floor



AN ILLUSTRATION from "Flat Tail".

"The Freedom of the Garden," by Susan Buchan. Illustrated with pen sketches by Hugh Chesterman. The Oxford University Press. 125 pages. \$1.

Our vice-regal family is literary, so everyone in the know ought to be buying books this Christmas out of courtesy, at least, if out of nothing else. And maybe we ought to include the books of the family on our lists. This book is about the birds in a garden. It gives the bird lore in a way the small child can assimilate, and it does it in simple story form, telling about the experience of a little boy, Bill, who was awakened up one morning by a big white owl who sat and considered him from the middle of the railing of the bed.

"Bears," by Rose Fylenman. Illustrated in color and in black and white by Stuart Tresilian. Nelson. 90 pages. 75c.

Stories and verses by one of the most famous authors for children, written in exceptionally fine literary style. This is a particularly good book for boys, teaching in a pleasant way the animal habits, placing them in their natural backgrounds and stimulating in the young lad the urge for discovery.

"Wise Owl's Story," by Alison Fittley. With pictures in color by Margaret Tempest. Collins. 167 pages. 85c.

This is a little pocket size book about an owl who lived in the hollow of an oak tree in the woods and who kept his eyes open and his ears cocked and knew a lot about everything. Written with simple charm.

"Farmyard Folk," by Mary McClure. With an introduction by H. Mortimer Batten, F.Z.S., and colored pictures by A. E. Kennedy. Collins. 80 pages. \$1.25.

This is an excellent book for teaching children by easy story method about animal life on the farm, giving them the sense of the service of animals towards mankind, inculcating kindness to animals, and a genuine love for them without which no human being is completely humanized.

"Footlight Fairy Tales," by Irene Heath. Illustrated. The Macdonald Book Co. 216 pages. 58c.

A collection of the popular children's plays and pantomimes put into story form. This is the foundation of child literature including Sleeping Beauty, Cinderella, Shrek, the Sailor, Alice in Wonderland, Jack and the Beanstalk, and so on. Most of the dear old classics for children with their immortal appeal appear in this collection put together charmingly and with respect to the increase in intelligence that marks the modern child.

"The Fox's Frolic, A Day with the Topsy Turvy Hunt." A story in verse and picture by Sir Francis Bernard and Harry B. Neilson. Collins. 45 pages. \$1.50.

This is a very gay book indeed for the little boy. A fox changes the usual procedure and rides on a big dog to the hunt himself, attired in a red coat. He even has a hunt breakfast and he rides triumphantly, sending all before him. Cats and cows and big men fly before him.

"Glad Days in Galilee," A story of the Boyhood of Jesus, by Marian Keith, McClelland and Stewart, 141 pages. \$1.25.

A lovely story of the young days of the Master, told in beautiful simplicity by one of Canada's most beloved writers, who has had great experience in giving the human essentials of religion to children through her activity in the United Church of Canada.

Beginning to Look the World Over

"The Princess Elizabeth's Gift Book," Edited by Cynthia Asquith and Eileen Bigland. Illustrations in both color and black and white including a reproduction in color of the portrait of Princess Elizabeth by Philip de Laszlo. The Musson Book Company. 223 pages. \$1.50.

The proceeds of the sale of this book are to go to the Princess Elizabeth of York Hospital for children. The book is a collection of stories and poems for children by outstanding authors, including Barrie, Kipling, Algonquin Blackwood, Compton Mackenzie, James Hilton, Elizabeth Bowen, Walter de la Mare, Denis Mackail, Hugh Walpole, John Drinkwater and many others. It is illustrated by very well-known artists. It is brought together as a party for the children in the hospital to which Mickey Mouse comes. The children are entertained by the stories and the verses and at the end Mickey Mouse takes a photograph. This is a very fine collection, indeed, of story and verse material for children, not to mention the art which is superb. It is a book in which there is a story for every child at every age, and a picture, too. It is for boys as well as for girls. It is a dream of a book for youngsters and something to set up as a standard in the library of the child.

"Mayfly, The Grey Pony," by Eleanor Holmes. Illustrated in black and white by Lionel Edwards, R.I. The Musson Book Company. 163 pages. \$2.50.

Tony Chatton and his mother lose all their money, but they have a house left to them in Exmoor. They move there and take Mayfly, the pony, and run a riding stable. This is the story of their experiences.

"Valiant, Dog of the Timberline," by Jack O'Brien. With illustrations in color by Kurt Wiese. John C. Winston. 218 pages. 82c.

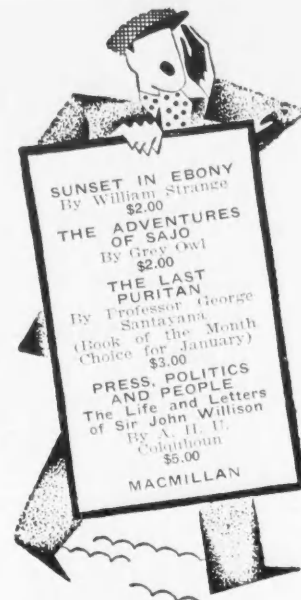
Valiant is a sheep dog belonging to a man called Trent and his son, David. They take him on long treks through Wyoming and Montana. His master started a sheep ranch in Montana and the cattle men of the district objected. It is a very dramatic dog story, featuring the loyalty and the uncanny understanding of the well-bred, well-trained dog.

"Flat Tail," by Alice Gull and Fleming Crew. Illustrated by W. Langdon Kihm. The Oxford University Press. 124 pages. \$1.50.

Hughah for Canada and the first Canadian the busy beaver. He is always held up to us as a model of industry and so he is and so we might well be. Here he is in one of the most interesting years of his life. He and his family leave their old home after a forest fire and follow the rivers and the streams until they find a good location for a new beaver dam and a new beaver colony. No wonder we chose him as our national animal—he is a born explorer and a born colonizer. All Canadian children should know about him and this book certainly fills a national need. It makes him very real.

"Jeremy Quinsee, Lord Mayor of London," by Rose Fylenman. With black and white drawings by Cecil Leslie. Nelson. 223 pages. \$1.75.

This is a long story of the boy, Jeremy, who became Lord Mayor of London for three days when he was thirteen years old. He has a lackey in his white rat, Crink, and the two of them go through a series of remarkable experiences, including the rescuing from the river of a little Princess. This is a very thrilling story written in Rose Fylenman's best and most graphic style. It is all very real in



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spite of the somewhat preposterous idea and instills in the youngster who reads his thoughts about what he would do were he to find himself mayor of his town, and thus promotes his political thinking.

"Coot Club," by Arthur Ransome. Illustrated. Nelson. 351 pages. \$2.50.

Every child who knows his own literature knows Arthur Ransome and this is a new one. It takes up the story of Dick and Dorothea who were in Winter Holiday. They went to the Norfolk Broads in England to live with an old lady and a pug dog in the yacht, Teasal. Sailing up and down the winding rivers they got involved with The Coot Club which consisted of six children with a sailing dinghy, Timmouse, and an old black tub, Death and Glory. It was a pirate club and a bird protection club and altogether there were many exciting adventures. We are in Canada but our children inherit the seafaring instincts of the British people and this book touches that in our children. It is a book to pick up and carry through many winter nights for the children. It is vivid and adventurous and, of course, immaculately written.

"Kintu, A Congo Adventure," written and illustrated by Elizabeth Enright. The Oxford University Press. 54 pages. \$1.

The pictures are in color and the text is not difficult. It introduces Kintu, a little black prince of the Congo, and it tells how he overcame his fear of the jungle which is a very bad place, indeed, and much worse a place than the cellar at night or the attic or the long hall between Mamma's room and the nursery. This book is a good book to have on hand when one is struggling to overcome some fear in a child. Not that it takes the place of the well-trained child psychologist, but in very pleasant form it teaches the very old and very necessary lesson of dealing with fears.

"David Goes to Zululand," by K. Marshall. Illustrated by the author. Nelson. 207 pages. \$1.50.

The author of this book has lived for years in Zululand and he knows his stuff. He also knows how to approach a child with a story. This has a keen zest for adventure and takes the little boy, David, out to Zululand to join his father. He goes on a long hunting expedition with no other companion but a young Zulu hunter and David distinguishes himself. He has courage. All the strange people he meets on the hunt are put into the book. There is quite a vein of fun in this book, genuine comedy which is very good reading for children.

"Argh, The Tale of a Tiger," by M. E. Buckingham. Illustrated with photographs. Copp Clark. 136 pages. \$2.50.

Children looking at a tiger in a cage of the zoo can have no idea of the story of the fiery great animal and his feelings as he pads up and down. This tells them about one of them, Argh, which is Hindustani for Fire. Argh was rescued from a jungle fire by a Forestry officer and he had a varied and colorful career which is told with dramatic poignancy by the author. The photographs are particularly fine.

"Turkey Tale," by Frances Bacon. With black and white pictures by Grace Paul. The Oxford University Press. 48 pages. 75c.

Oscar was a turkey who was the pet of a storekeeper in Baltimore. One day he was stolen and he nearly turned into a Christmas dinner. He escaped, being an enterprising turkey and landed in the poultry yard of the zoo in Baltimore and one day he confided his story to Frances Bacon and she thought it was so exciting she wrote it down for the children who can say on Christmas day when they look at the dinner—"There, but for his brains, lies Oscar." It is a great lesson in using your brains. And parents may take the chance to say to their offspring—"Don't be an ordinary turkey—be an Oscar."

"Pomona and Co.," by Winnifred M. Lotts. With four plates in color and many other illustrations by Hilda Fieorski. Nelson. 279 pages. \$1.50.

Pomona is a little girl who first appeared in the children's world on the British Broadcasting Corporation. She entranced her listeners and the creator of her has put some of her adventures into book form so that the children who have no access to the British wireless may make her acquaintance. It is the story of a lovable normal little girl with a flair for adventure and a fine zest for living.

"Asido, The Story of a Mexican Pony," by Cecil G. Trew. Illustrated in black and white by the author. The Musson Book Company. 139 pages. \$2.50.

A sixteen-year-old English girl, Jean Cartwright, is taken to southern California by her father. They settle in an old Spanish ranch and buy a Mexican pony. The story has a distinct educational value, giving not only the story of the pony and his young mistress, but also the feeling of the out-of-doors in southern California.

Getting to Think About Things

"Jaufry the Knight and the Fair Brunissende," taken from the original Provençal by Vernon Ives. With decorations by John Atherton. Saunders. 124 pages. \$2.25.

A little gem of a book beautifully turned out and beautifully written, presented with the idea of stimulating in the child reader a feeling for pure English and literature generally. Jaufry of Normandy had many adventures and songs were sung about him by the troubadours of southern France many centuries before songs were sung in England about King Arthur and his Knights. This tale comes out from the old legends and spreads the atmosphere of the early French ferial courts with the Knights and their ladies and the wandering minstrels.

"Pedro the Potter," by Idella Purnell. Illustrated by Nils Hogner. Nelson. 144 pages. \$1.50.

Pedro was a Mexican boy whose father made pottery. Pedro learned the art from him. Then one day the father got into trouble with the police and had to run for his life. Pedro became head of the family. He went to Mexico city and became a mixer of paint for a famous painter of murals. Pedro learned to paint, too, and made his own murals. This is an exceptionally interesting story for boys having a foreign background and an artistic purpose, thus stimulating two sides of their natures. It is entertainingly and simply written. Ida Purnell is already well known for her authentic stories of Mexico and for her unusual ability to tell a story well for a child.

"The Chinese Twins," by Lucy Fitch Perkins. Illustrated by the author. Thomas Allen. 165 pages. \$2.

This story is based upon the actual story of a young Chinese girl who walked through three hundred miles of bandit-ridden country in order to go to school. Tell this to the children when they think it is a dreadful bore to go a few blocks in order to learn what they do not think they need to learn. In fiction there are two of them, a girl, Moon Flower and a boy, Golden Boy. They live in a remote village in a house with a garden around it and around the garden is a high mud wall. They weeded in the fields; they looked after the animals and they braided straw to make wide Chinese straw hats, but they hungered for the adventure of learning. It makes an attractive story.

"All Sail Set, A Romance of the Flying Cloud," by Armstrong Sperry. Illustrated in black and white by the author. With an introduction by William McFee. With a nautical glossary. John Winston. 171 pages. \$2.

A de luxe piece of bookmaking. They said of the Flying Cloud that she was the most beautiful ship that ever tasted salt water. She was Donald McKay's masterpiece. She took the water in 1851 when the sailing ships were just beginning to meet the challenge of steam, and were putting forth their utmost on a forlorn cause. In the workshop of McKay was a young lad, Enoch Thacher, and he fell in love with the first life models and mechanical drawings of the lovely ship and he took a vow to serve her. The story tells how he did. This is a fine old world book and good to put into the hands of the boy who only associates the Flying Cloud with a motor car. It tells the story of a cause and a ship and a boy with a valiant heart and it hits our imaginations with some kind of helpless sorrow for days that are gone for ever when ships had personalities of their own and won the hearts of men and boys.

"Prester John," by John Buchan. With a map. Nelson. 302 pages. \$1.

It goes without saying that every teen age Canadian boy should be given a present this Christmas of one of John Buchan's books. It is a matter of national pride and of national

honoring of the Governor-General. Here is the book. It has no feminine slant. Not one woman in it which is just as well for the adolescent, perhaps. It opens with fine style, "I mind as if it were yesterday my first sight of the man," who could resist that. It is the gait of the fine old story teller turning over the story in his mind and lighting his pipe and beginning. Buchan picks up the legend of Prester John having his mysterious habitation in Abyssinia—a legend which became popular after the fourteenth century and winds it around the figure of a black Christian, Reverend John Laputa. It is a story of great spiritual adventuring and it has sheer traveling gusto. Just the book for the boy this Christmas.

"Riders of Tomorrow," by Captain J. E. Hance. With a foreword by Countess Forstene. Illustrated with pen sketches by Robert Bartlett. Copp Clark. 128 pages. \$2.50.

Captain Hance is famous for his remarkable success as a teacher of riding. This is a readable textbook designed to spur ambition in young riders and to perfect their art with horses. It is told in the form of a delightful story of two youngsters, a boy and a girl, who set out to become finished riders. It is a book of fine sportsmanship, and it makes one wish

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